

Beyond thoughts Compassse, that former fabulous Storie  
Being now scene, possible enough, got credit  
That *Benis* was beleu'd.

*Buc.* Oh you go farre.

*Nor.* As I belong to worship, and affect  
In Honor, Honesty, the tract of eu'ry thing,  
Would by a good Discourser loose some life,  
Which Actions selfe, was tongue too.

*Buc.* All was Royall,  
To the disposing of it nought rebell'd,  
Order gaue each thing view. The Office did  
Distinctly his full Function: who did guide,  
I meane who set the Body, and the Limbes  
Of this great Sport together?

*Nor.* As you guesse:  
One certes, that promises no Element  
In such a businesse.

*Buc.* I pray you who, my Lord?

*Nor.* All this was ordered by the good Discretion  
Of the right Reuerend Cardinall of Yorke.

*Buc.* The diuell speed him: No mans Pye is freed  
From his Ambitious finger. What had he  
To do in these fierce Vanities? I wonder,  
That such a Keech can with his very bulke  
Take vp the Rayes o'th'beneficall Sun,  
And keepe it from the Earth.

*Nor.* Surely Sir,  
There's in him stuffe, that put's him to these ends:  
For being not propt by Ancestry, whose grace  
Chalkes Successors their way; nor call'd vpon  
For high feats done to'th' Crowne; neither Allied  
To eminent Assistants; but Spider-like  
Out of his Selfe-drawing Web. O giues vs note,  
The force of his owne merit makes his way  
A guift that heauen giues for him, which buyes  
A place next to the King.

*Abur.* I cannot tell

What Heauen hath giuen him: let some Grauer eye  
Pierce into that, but I can see his Pride  
Peepe through each part of him: whence ha's he that,  
If not from Hell? The Diuell is a Niggard,  
Or ha's giuen all before, and he begins  
A new Hell in himselfe.

*Buc.* Why the Diuell,  
Vpon this French going out, tooke he vpon him  
(Without the priuity o'th' King) t'appoint  
Who should attend on him? He makes vp the File  
Of all the Gentry; for the most part such  
To whom as great a Charge, as little Honor  
He meant to lay vpon: and his owne Letter  
The Honourable Boord of Councell, out  
Must fetch him in, he Papers.

*Abur.* I do know  
Kinsmen of mine, three at the least, that haue  
By this, so sickn'd their Estates, that neuer  
They shall abound as formerly.

*Buc.* O many  
Haue broke their backs with laying Mannors on 'em  
For this great Iourney. What did this vanity  
But minister communication of  
A most poore issue.

*Nor.* Greeungly I thinke,  
The Peace betwene the French and vs, not valewes  
The Cost that did conclude it.

*Buc.* Every man,  
After the hideous storme that follow'd, was

A thing Inspir'd, and not consulting, broke  
Into a generall Prophecie; That this Tempest  
Dashing the Garment of this Peace, aboarded  
The sodaine breach on't.

*Nor.* Which is budded out,  
For France hath flau'd the League, and hath attach'd  
Our Merchants goods at Burdeaux.

*Abur.* Is it therefore?  
Th'Ambassador is silenc'd?

*Nor.* Marry is't.

*Abur.* A proper Title of a Peace, and purchas'd  
At a superfluous rate.

*Buc.* Why all this Businesse  
Our Reuerend Cardinall carried.

*Nor.* Like it your Grace,  
The State takes notice of the priuate difference  
Betwixt you, and the Cardinall. I aduise you  
(And take it from a heart, that wishes towards you  
Honor, and plenteous safety) that you reade  
The Cardinals Malice, and his Potency  
Together; To consider further, that  
What his high Hatred would effect, wants not  
A Minister in his Power. You know his Nature,  
That he's Reuengefull; and I know, his Sword  
Hath a sharpe edge: It's long, and't may befaide  
It reaches farre, and where'twill not extend,  
Thither he darts it. Bosome vp my counsell,  
You'll finde it whole some. Loe, where comes that Rock  
That I aduise your shunning.

*Enter Cardinal Wolsey, the Purse borne before him, certain  
of the Guard, and two Secretaries with Papers: The  
Cardinall in his passage, fixeth his eye on Buck-  
ham, and Buckingham on him,  
both full of disdain.*

*Car.* The Duke of Buckingham's Surueyor? Ha?  
Where's his Examination?

*Secr.* Heere so please you.

*Car.* Is he in person, ready?

*Secr.* I, please your Grace.

*Car.* Well, we shall then know more, &c. Buckingham  
Shall lessen this bigge looke.

*Exeunt Cardinall, and his Train.*

*Buc.* This Butchers Curre is venom'd-mouth'd, and I  
Haue not the power to muzzle him, therefore best  
Not wake him in his slumber. A Beggars booke,  
Out-worths a Nobles blood.

*Nor.* What are you chaff'd?  
Aske God for Temp'rance, that's th'appliance onely  
Which your disease requires.

*Buc.* I read in's looks  
Matter against me, and his eye reuil'd  
Me as his abiect obiect, at this instant  
He bores me with some trick; He's gone to'th' King:  
He follow, and out-stare him.

*Nor.* Stay my Lord,  
And let your Reason with your Choller question  
What 'tis you go about: to climbe steepe hilles  
Requires slow pace at first. Anger is like  
A full hot Horse, who being allow'd his way  
Selfe-mettle tyres him: Not a man in England  
Can aduise me like you: Be to your selfe,  
As you would to your Friend.

*Buc.* He to the King,  
And from a mouth of Honor, quite cry downe

This

This Ipswich fellowes insolence; or proclaime,  
There's difference in no persons.

*Nor.* Be aduic'd;  
Heat not a Furnace for your foe so hot  
That it do singe your selfe. We may out-runne  
By violent swiftnesse that which we run at;  
And lose by ouer-running: know you not,  
The fire that mounts the liquor till't run ore,  
In seeming to augment it, waits it: be aduic'd;  
I say againe there is no English Soule  
More stronger to direct you then your selfe;  
If with the sap of reason you would quench,  
Or but allay the fire of passion.

*Buck.* Sir,  
I am thankfull to you, and Ile goe along  
By your prescription: but this top-proud fellow,  
Whom from the flow of gall I name not, but  
From sincere motions, by Intelligence,  
And proofes as cleere as Founts in Italy, when  
Wee see each graine of grauell; I doe know  
To be corrupt and treasonous.

*Nor.* Say not treasonous.  
*Buck.* To'th' King Ile say't, & make my vouch as strong  
As shore of Rocks: attend. This holy Foxe,  
Or Wolfe, or both (for he is equall rau'nous  
As he is subtil, and as prone to mischief,  
As able to perform't) his minde, and place  
Inflecting one another, yea reciprocally,  
Only to shew his pompe, as well in France,  
As here at home, suggests the King our Master  
To this last costly Treaty: Th'enterview,  
That swallowed so much treasure, and like a glasse  
Did breake it with wrenching.

*Nor.* Faith, and so it did.

*Buck.* Pray giue me fauour Sir: This cunning Cardinall  
The Articles o'th' Combination drew  
As himselfe pleas'd; and they were ratified  
As he cride thus let be, to as much end,  
As giue a Crutch to th'dead. But our Count-Cardinall  
Has done this, and tis well: for worthy Wolsey  
(Who cannot erre) he did it. Now this followes,  
(Which as I take it, is a kinde of Puppie  
To'th' old dam Treason) Charles the Emperour,  
Vnder pretence to see the Queene his Aunt,  
(For twas indeed his colour, but he came  
To whisper Wolsey) here makes visitation,  
His feares were that the Interview betwixt  
England and France, might through their amity  
Breed him some preiudice; for from this League,  
Peep'd harmes that menac'd him. Priuily  
Deales with our Cardinal, and as I troa  
Which I doe well; for I am sure the Emperour  
Paid ere he promis'd, whereby his Suit was granted  
Ere it was ask'd. But when the way was made  
And paid with gold: the Emperour thus desir'd,  
That he would please to alter the Kings course,  
And breake the foresaid peace. Let the King know  
(As soone he shall by me) that thus the Cardinall  
Does buy and sell his Honour as he pleases,  
And for his owne aduantage.

*Nor.* I am sorry  
To heare this of him; and could wish he were  
Something mistaken in't.

*Buck.* No, not a fillable:  
I doe pronounce him in that very shape  
He shall appeare in prooffe.

*Enter Brandon, a Sergeant at Armes before him, and  
two or three of the Guard.*

*Brandon.* Your Office Sergeant: execute it.

*Sergeant.* Sir,  
My Lord the Duke of Buckingham, and Earle  
Of Heriford, Stafford and Northampton, I  
Arrest thee of High Treason, in the name  
Of our most Soneraigne King.

*Buck.* Lo you my Lord,  
The net has falne vpon me, I shall perishe  
Vnder deuice, and practises

*Brandon.* I am sorry,  
To see you tane from liberty, to looke on  
The busines present. Tis his Highnes pleasure  
You shall to th' Tower.

*Buck.* It will helpe me nothing  
To plead mine Innocence; for that dye is on me  
Which makes my whit't part, black. The will of Heau'n  
Be done in this and all things: I obey.

O my Lord *Aburgany*: Fare you well.  
*Brandon.* Nay, he must beare you company. The King  
Is pleas'd you shall to th' Tower, till you know  
How he determines further.

*Abur.* As the Duke said,  
The will of Heauen be done, and the Kings pleasure  
By me obey'd.

*Brandon.* Here is a warrant from  
The King, t'attach Lord *Mountacute*, and the Bodies  
Of the Dukes Confessor, *John de la Car*,  
One *Gilbert Peeke*, his Councellour.

*Buck.* So, so;  
These are the limbs o'th' Plot: no more I hope.

*Bra.* A Monke o'th' *Charitreux*.

*Buck.* O *Michaell Hopkins*?

*Bra.* He.

*Buck.* My Surueyor is false: The ore-great Cardinall  
Hath shew'd him gold; my life is spand already:  
I am the shadow of poore Buckingham,  
Whose Figure euen this instant Clowd puts on,  
By Darkning my cleere Sunne, My Lords farewell. *Exe.*

### Scena Secunda.

*Cornets.* Enter King Henry, leaning on the Cardinals shoul-  
der, the Nobles, and Sir Thomas Lowell: the Cardinall  
places himselfe vnder the Kings feete on  
his right side.

*King.* My life it selfe, and the best heart of it,  
Thankes you for this great care: I stood i'th' leuell  
Of a full-charg'd confederacie, and giue thankes  
To you that choak'd it. Let be cold before vs  
That Gentleman of Buckingham, in person,  
He heare him his confessions iustifie,  
And point by point the Treasons of his Maister,  
He shall againe relate.

*A noise within crying roome for the Queene, usher'd by the  
Duke of Norfolk.* Enter the Queene, Norfolk and

*Snffolke: she kneels. King riseth from his State,  
takes her vp, kisses and placeth  
her by him.*

*Queen.* Nay, we must longer kneele; I am a Suitor.

*King.* Arise, and take place by vs; halfe your Suit  
Neuer name roys; you haue halfe our power:

The